



Night fell

Michael Constantine

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Part 1

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Night fell.

It wasn't quite as dramatic as some people later on described it to be; It was in all actuality a very ordinary fall.

But yes, Night fell.

She was walking with her friends. Sleep, Fear, most of the Stars (Capricorn and Gemini was there already, Cancer was late as usual), the Moon and... We could go on forever you know; She has so many friends.

They were all walking together. A curious mixture of characters walking through the gentle woodlands.

But they were a familiar sight to the animals there, the walk having become a daily routine. So much so that the animals weren't frightened by them at all. They had actually grew rather fond of the group, Night being such a lovely figure to watch and all. Beside, they never bothered the animals much, except for maybe Hunting, which all the animals knew about, and thus avoided.

They kept walking, going towards the edge of the lake, with the cool evening breeze blowing gently in their faces. All of them walked in satisfied silence, only occasionally breaking the magic of the lull to make small, quiet talks. Each enjoying the sound and songs that the enchanting environment brought.

They were mid-way through the woodlands when it happened.

She had went down fairly quickly. Sleep and Fear were walking behind, making small talks, while Moon and Capricorn were pointing out scurry shadows and trying to figure out what they were. No one really know what happened.

But you should know that when they saw her lying on the floor, everyone rushed over to her.

They all love her you see. Even Fear, who was known among them as a bit of a loner at times.

"Are you all right?" The Whisper asked.

But The Whisper got no answer. Night never gives an answer to anyone after all, she is always just so quiet, so beautiful. And perhaps that is one of her greatest charm I guess.

Leo and Cancer got her back to her feet and helped brushed off sticks and pebbles that had got stuck to her long, pleated dress. It didn't seem too serious a fall. But when she was standing again, she looked so helpless and fragile, that she would have reminded you of a rag doll being propped up against her will.

Everyone waited.

Night gazed forward with her hollow, haunting eyes, and began moving towards the lake again, her bare feet carrying her swiftly over fallen branches and stubborn stones.

The Moon and all the Stars were quite relieved as they carried on together and chatted amicably. Then Quietness, feeling a little left out after awhile, turned around to speak to Sleep (they were quite good friends), but realised she and Fear were gone. In their place was Nightmare.

Quietness didn't like Nightmare too much; he was so vague and nonsensical in his speech that it was rather hard to understand him most of the time. She decided to wait till Calm returned (a friend she frequently looked up to for answers); he would know how to handle Nightmare.

So it was that everyone kept walking, each in their little clique, some moving freely among them, others contented in just putting one foot in front of the other.

Suddenly, Night stopped. She had reached the edge of the lake.

Time was standing there, waiting for her, as usual.

The group didn't pay Time too much notice; They knew him of course. But no one really spoke to him. He was always present, always watching, but he seldom spoke. So everyone thought he wasn't much fun to be with.

Not like Night, not like her at all, they all adored her.

Night stretched out her hand to Time, and it was only then that some of them noticed that she had a rather nasty bruise on her elbow. It must have been from the fall.

Time took her hand in his, and gently examined the injury.

"It will heal", he said simply.

Night nodded her head, and kept her hand in Time's. He held her hand the way you would hold a child's and led her slowly to the lake. Soon, they were ankle deep in cold water.

Everyone was watching anxiously now. Night can be so fragile, and Time, well, they never really trusted him.

But this was their routine. This was why Night walked day after days.

To reconcile with Time at the place where the waters met the earth.

To kiss their eternal kiss.

Everyone held their breath.

They kissed.

The Sun rose then, awoken by this gentle union. The first beams crawling over the horizon and over the waters, making it glitter, replacing and displacing the stars of the night-sky.

Most of the creatures retreated then, back to their home and dwelling places to rest. Some, like Peace and Quietness lingered for awhile, only leaving when the day fully awoke.

When Time opened his eyes and took his lips away, Night was gone.

He walked back to the edge of the lake and stood there. Waiting, as he ever will be, for Night to come again.

About the Author

Michael Constantine is a mysterious man who hails from a small island in the Far East. He constantly strives to escape poverty and boredom through indulging in arts and writing, unfortunately, he is thus far unsuccessful.

Nonetheless, he continues to write all sorts of nonsense which includes lyrics, poetry, flash fiction, short stories and novels on his abused and battered laptop.

If any brave and crazy publisher out there is interested in helping him fulfill a dream of becoming a published writer, do not be dismayed, you can contact him at mcyf12@yahoo.com.

P.S: Although I do try my best, grammatical or spelling errors may still exist in the text, and I sincerely apologize for it. The day will come when I will have the luxury of employing a proofreader and an editor, but till then, please bear with me.

More works to follow!

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